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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1922.

New York zoo has a turtle that is said to be 700 years old. But who the heck wants to be a turtle?

It is claimed you can travel from New York to London in one day in an airship that has just been completed. But we wouldn't advise you to be in a hurry about making the trip.

Because of fear of influenza women guests at the wedding of Princess Mary of England are to cover their backs and wear hats. Strange that the wedding wasn't postponed until the danger had disappeared.

A Chicago divorcee with \$40,000,000, who is to marry a poor mechanic declares that wealth does not insure happiness. Now that she has a man who really loves her, will she proceed to divest herself of her fortune? She will not.

Champaign railway official was horse-whipped in street by former young woman employee about whom he was said to have made defamatory remarks. If what the young woman alleges is true he got what he deserved.

Law is proposed in Massachusetts to prohibit sale of candy to children under 13 without consent of parents, on ground that sweets decay teeth. If this kind of business continues eventually there will be no fun in being young.

## Second Birthday of League.

The League of Nations has completed its second year as a growing organization, vital, conspicuous, unique in its vast field. By no means has the league accomplished the tasks that lay piled up before it at its momentous birth. That is partly due to the fact that its membership still has lamentable gaps. It should include Germany, the key to continental Europe; it should include Russia, which must in some manner resume its work of developing northern Asia, and its own wide steppe; it should include the United States, more responsible and more necessary to its operation.

Nevertheless, with 51 member nations, including a number of the greater powers, the league is the sole sanction behind the restored authority of international law, as the peace of Versailles is the latest expression. It is the one authority giving a wider than national meaning to the old American aspiration for an assurance of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The strongest claims that the league is doing nothing come from those who have done and are doing their worst to keep it from doing anything. And those claims are false.

## Another Conference.

It is gratifying to observe the willingness of Peru and Chile to send representatives to Washington to settle their territorial dispute with the aid of Uncle Sam. There will be another Washington conference, of a limited and strictly American character. The acceptance of Chile is especially pleasing, because that country is rich, strong and proud, and it has not been generally considered by Americans to have so good a case as Peru. The obvious duty of the press in this country is to preserve a wholly neutral attitude while the diplomats work out a solution in the friendly and peaceful atmosphere of Washington. If the ownership of the rich provinces of Tacna and Arica can be settled there or satisfactory machinery be created for settling it, it will be a triumph for American diplomacy more notable than the rather brusque settling of the row between Panama and Costa Rica.

It may seem rather odd that Chile and Peru have not yielded to the overtures of the League of Nations, and taken their dispute to that tribunal, for they are both members of the league. It may seem odd that the Pan-American league, which was organized by the United States and which maintains its headquarters in Washington, and will soon have a meeting there, is not entrusted with such a problem. Our own people would doubtless like to have such purely American disputes settled by this Pan-American body, and such service on its part would free the United States from any appearance of dictation or arrogance. But as long as no international organization is handling the job, Uncle Sam has to do it, to keep peace in the American family of nations.

## Guessing and Road Building.

Building roads that would not stand up under traffic has been a favorite pastime in America for a number of years. Aside from graft and political manipulation in the construction of roads the situation has been due to the fact that America entered the road building game rather late and has been under obligations to meet a wide demand with the least possible delay, under conditions that made of small available the experience of foreign countries in the field. Fortunately, the evil of this form of procedure is being recognized. It is becoming evident that, in view of the vast sums that are going into road work, the public is insistently

demanding more serviceable construction. And those responsible for road building are beginning to be aware of this condition. Scientific study of the best type of road for this or that section of the country, for a given amount of traffic and for the materials that are most readily available, has been undertaken with a promise of results that may mean the ultimate elimination of much guesswork from road building, together with much better roads and considerably more return on the money invested.

For several years the United States bureau of public roads and, in a limited manner, certain state highway departments, have been investigating the value, under given conditions, of various types of road. But in recent months there have been in operation two tests of road construction that are decidedly distinctive and practical, as well as highly scientific. These are the tests on the Bates experimental road in Illinois and on an experimental highway at Pittsburgh, Calif. In both these cases a limited amount of road was built of certain materials, by sections, and trucks of varying loads were run over the highways for weeks and months. Results have been carefully noted. In the Illinois experiment it has been discovered, among other things, that elimination of moisture from the subgrade is an impossibility and that the moisture must be considered a permanent factor in the building. It was discovered, too, that laboratory tests as to the stress of a certain load must be accepted at not more than fifty-five per cent in the building of a road that is meant to withstand actual wear of traffic. A four-inch concrete surface that might appear satisfactory in the laboratory would have to be made an eight-inch surface for a real road.

In the California experiment there were tests of 13 types of road, including the type used extensively by the state highway department. The startling result was that this type, upon which millions of dollars had been spent, was the first of the 13 to break down. It was a five-inch concrete surface, reinforced by 20 tons of steel per mile. It was found also that the same surface thickness with 24 tons of steel reinforcement to the mile would not stand up. Plain concrete of eight-inch thickness, however, showed better results, as did the five-inch thickness with 55 tons of steel reinforcement to the mile. What kind of road should not be built appears to be the clearest demonstration, so far, of the California experiment. But the kind of road that should be constructed in both states, as well as in other states where conditions are similar, may be revealed by these and like experiments elsewhere when sufficiently prolonged.

## Expensive Economy.

Resignations have recently been occurring in such large numbers in the patent office in Washington that more than half of the present examining force is made up of men appointed within the last two years. These new men are inexperienced; they have generally no knowledge of patent law and no legal training. The resultant conditions in the patent office are said to be deplorable. More than fifty thousand applications for patents are awaiting examination. In several of the divisions the examining force is so overburdened that it takes from eleven months to a year before the first action is taken.

When it is considered that large and complex industrial interests are vitally affected by the way in which the patent office operates it can readily be seen that for every dollar saved by a policy which cripples its efficiency the country loses a hundred. It is universally recognized that the industrial progress of the country is to a great extent based upon its patent system, which is considered to be the best in the world and largely responsible for the nation's remarkable industrial development. To permit this instrumental force of general well-being to fall into disrepair at this time, when industrial activity needs every possible assistance and encouragement, is little short of a crime. And it is peculiarly inexcusable in view of the fact that the fees received from inventors more than cover the cost of running the patent office, and would suffice to meet the expense of adequate salaries. A bill to remedy the evil is pending in congress, but its consideration appears to be blocked by Mr. Mondell, the Republican house leader, on the ground that the patent office will be taken care of in the general reclassification bill for government employees. But this will at best not go into effect for a year, and in the meanwhile enormous mischief will be done through the inefficiency of the patent office. There is no excuse for delaying the restoration of that office to its former condition of competent and adequate service.

## School for the Plumber.

Master plumbers of the state have adopted a resolution requesting the University of Illinois to develop a course in plumbing to prepare apprentices for the trade. This action of the plumbers opens up great possibilities in the line of vocational training. If the state university is to train apprentices for one trade it must prepare to train them for all other trades. The University of Illinois would therefore soon become a vocational institution, or, perhaps, a double institution, one devoted to the higher cultural education and the other to the purely manual and vocational subjects. As a requisite to entrance to instruction in these trades the same educational qualifications could not very well be imposed as are required for admission to the professional or technical schools.

On the other hand, it is contended, the university trains farmers and stock raisers and conducts schools in certain branches of engineering and mechanics. But there is a very marked difference between these schools and the supposed vocational schools. The colleges in engineering and mechanics are highly specialized. They are designed to equip men for leadership in these lines, to be instructors, designers and craftsmen in the very highest realm of their professions. There is another angle to the request of the master plumbers. They realize that plumbing has developed to such a degree that the old methods of instructing apprentices are no longer sufficient. Scientific and modern plumbing is requiring a higher order of preliminary training and experience. Can this be secured in the shop or must work be supplemented by special college preparation?

# The Tombstone

EPITAPH:  
HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY,  
DULL CARE,  
WHO DIMINUTES THE UNLOVED CURS.  
NEWARK.

OUR condolences to Miss Harriet Monroe, who pilots the good ship "Poetry." Jay Sigmond tells us that she has never printed any of his poetry; instead Miss Clara Prince, who publishes "The American Poetry Magazine" in Milwaukee, is the lady who displayed that good judgment. We acknowledge our error.

## OUR MODESTY.

"Why don't you publish more of your own poetry? Don't be so modest."—J. G. S.  
We'd like to write a poem every hour.  
We'd love to twang our syncopating lyre;  
We should like to write a poem—if for naught else save to show 'em  
That we have our share of true poetic fire.  
There's nothing that would give us greater pleasure  
Than to let our fingers wander o'er the keys  
Of our faithful old typewriter—with our rhythmic raps to smite 'er—  
(Lendee, what rimes with keys? Ah, yes—  
'tis cheese!)

As we were saying (when you interrupted),  
We certainly should like to write some verse:  
Toy with dactyl, with iambic; do some riming dithyrambic—  
And our feet in the Castalian spring immerse.  
But there's a reason why we cannot do it:  
We're too busy composing and printing some poetry if our great modesty would let us. Will it never cease to fret us?  
(But the fact is we are just a lazy stiff!)

A CASUAL glance at the signature on the naval treaty of the Japanese delegate to the disarmament conference would lead one to the conclusion that the document came from an Ethiopian fraternal insurance society.

Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry: You'll Be a Grown-up By and By.

[Wrenched from the Molline Dispatch by Duf.]  
Miss Caughey, who is a sister six miles wide and thirty miles long, of Mrs. Twain King, . . . has watched the city grow and she told very interestingly of its progress.

WE'LL do almost anything once. But there are some things we won't do more than once. And one of them is to put in a strenuous hour on the gym floor at volleyball and basketball when a drop of water is available for a bath afterwards. We hereby re-christen The Argus "Y" class "The Dirty Dozen".

OH, JAY! SLIP THIS EARFUL TO TH' GAZETTE, WILL YA?

Dear Mac: "Those in the 'finger of suspicion' (jar 399 of the old cannyer)—I misplaced the last joint of that digit, I ask you, what is a noun or a verb between friends? Nothing, absolutely. As infinitesimally so as self-admitted poetical attributes—which is saying a helluva lot about nothing.

## ETEOCLES.

P. S.: Boy, please wire the Evening Gazette that I agree unconditionally with its selection of Cedar Rapids' poet. ETEO.

AN unprejudiced observer might gather that Eteocles is not an enthusiastic admirer of our poetry. Well, we'd be the last one on earth to argue with his conclusions—the unprejudiced observer's conclusions, we mean. However, being a Scot (and therefore not modest, as Jay Sig. mistakenly believes) we're going to remind Eteocles that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, et cetera and so forth, we're the only living columnist who ever penned a poem that gave him a full page ad in a popular magazine of the W. K. nation-wide circulation period exclamation paragraph.

YOU'RE BOTH WRONG. ELEPHANTS ARE CERISE.

Mac: Delere M. Tremens is crazy. Elephants ain't pink. Kangaroos are pink. Elephants are blue. Delere never had the real Jim-Jams or he would know better.

## I. N. EBRIATE.

PITY the poor telephone girl. One of the reporters went to the phone 'other day. "Rock Island two-one-three-one," he said. "Rock Island two-wud-three-wud," said the voice at the other end. And the unfeeling reporter laughed.

## STUMPED.

Said Johnny Green to old Methus': "You've age and veneration; Your head is filled with weighty things from sages of creation. Experience and teachers wise have taught you many years, sir. You've salted down their sound advice—at least it so appears, sir. With complex queries, I surmise, no man could ever stump you. And with designing, subtle tricks no man could ever bump you."

"I do not boast," Methus'leh said, "nor seek I for vain glory. Nor speak with ego." And he shook his head profound and hoary.

"I'm L.L.D., D.D., M.D., A.M. and M.A., too; I've written under the pseudonym of things you see out in the zoo. You'll find the greatest scholars from my precepts never vary. Wars I've foretold, untangled laws, kings' kotow at my bid. If there's a thing you wish to know just whisper to me, kid."

Said Johnny Green, "I'm overjoyed, I'm truly glad to meet you. I stand in awe of one so great—with reverence I greet you. Of you a question I would ask, to rid my mind of worry:

Please, scholar and philosopher, adjust my mental flurry. Ten years ago," continued John, "I took consubstantial blessing; Ten years since that eventful day I've spent in fruitless guessing At vagaries of woman's mind. When she says yes or no, sir, Which one she means, or what she wants: that's what I'd have you show, sir. If there be light behind this mist that might perhaps shine through it— I'm all attention, reverend sir—go on and lead me to it."

Methusaleh shut both his eyes, then oped his mouth and stuttered; He winced, and softly stroked his beard—but not a word he uttered. Then with a voice scarce audible he slowly spake at last:

"I cannot tell you, John; the days of miracles are past. With protracted guessing parties, John, I, too, have much to do. Go ask an older, wiser man. . . . You see, I'm married, too!"

## SOLOMON PIFFLE.

THE railroads were in better physical condition at the end of the period of federal control than when taken over, says McAdoo.

RE E. M'G.

# HEALTH TALKS

By William Brady, M. D.  
Noted Physician and Author.

## Wages of Neglect.

Men undergoing for the first time a careful physical examination, as for army service or for life insurance, are often surprised to learn that they have some functional disturbance caused, perhaps, by cardiovascular degeneration. It may be a trace of albumin, or blood pressure a little above normal, or inability to hold the breath 40 seconds, or faulty heart action. Such men are surprised by the adverse report of the examining physician. They profess to believe that their health has been all right up to the time of the examination. But what the average man considers "fair" health is not necessarily the normal physical condition for one of his age.

"Oh, yes," the patient with cardiovascular degeneration grudgingly admits, when cross-examined, "I've had stomach trouble, more or less occasional headaches, a little rheumatism, and such things, but not bad enough to have a doctor."

What is cardiovascular degeneration? It is literally heart artery wearing out too early in life. It includes insidious heart muscle failure, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, chronic nephritis (Bright's disease)—but not the imaginary "kidney trouble" the layman reader has when his back hurts—and apoplexy (cerebral hemorrhage, "stroke of paralysis"). All of these varying expressions of cardiovascular degeneration come, not suddenly nor without warning, but very slowly, insidiously, and with years of the most unmistakable warnings. But, unfortunately, the victims of cardiovascular disease usually prefer to interpret these warnings in their own way and to deal with them as Tom, Dick and Harry recommends. Not until they are really down and out do they at last feel ill enough to have care.

It is the most incomprehensible thing to my mind that most people, though shrewd enough in general affairs, seem determined to gamble year after year until they have lost the most precious thing in the world, and then spend their final days uttering libels upon the doctors who can't undo the harm wrought by years of self experimentation. What a fool I should be, knowing nothing of the mechanism of an automobile, to drive the car to rack and ruin and never seek the expert's skilled assistance when little troubles developed from time to time because of my own negligence!

## Questions and Answers.

Discharging Ear—Please tell me the cause and effect upon health of a discharging ear.

E. L.  
Answer—The cause may be abscess or boil in the outer ear canal, but if the discharge has continued for some weeks or months it is more likely chronic middle ear inflammation. Cause, usually infection reaching middle ear from nose or throat, by way of eustachian tube; result or complication of adenoids, enlarged tonsils, simple rhinitis (head cold), scarlet fever or other throat and nose infection. A running ear is a menace to health and life until the disease which produces it is cured.

Free and Untrammelled Infancy—Which is better for the baby's belly band, cotton or wool? MRS. A. D.

Answer—Wool, being elastic, retains the dressing better than a cotton binder. As soon as the natural dressing can be dispensed with, of course the belly band should be discarded.

Vaccination and Health—When a group of children are vaccinated, and it works on some but not on others, is that an indication of good or bad blood? M. D.

Answer—No. It may be faulty or exhausted virus, faulty technique, natural immunity to smallpox inherited from well vaccinated parents. Usually the vaccination takes the second or third time. The state of the child's health is immaterial so far as the success of vaccination is concerned.

# The Daily Short Story

## MARBLER AND DOLLS.

By Helen Walte Munroe.  
(Copyright, 1922, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Nurse Crane was really responsible for it all. When she saw wealthy Charles Ladd's room full of overflowing with beautiful flowers, she suggested that he send a few to "the little girl across the hall."

Big hearted Charles Ladd gladly acted upon the suggestion, without knowing that the "little girl" was little only in Nurse Crane's eyes—had, in fact, reached the mature age of a woman.

"Who was lovely enough to send me these?" Lois Wilson queried as she snatched the roses eagerly and cuddled them against her cheek.

"Oh, a little boy across the hall, who had more than he wanted," Nurse Crane carelessly said, and hurriedly went away and forgot all about it.

Lois sent a note of thanks the very next day. She printed it, to make sure the "little boy" could read it—rather crooked printing at that—apparently. So, of course, he printed his reply, and the child-like correspondence flourished until his broken leg had mended enough to allow him to go to the piazza, the very same day that she took her first trip there.

It was Nurse Crane, as it happened, who introduced the two, and her surprise at the misunderstanding was equal to theirs at finding each other grown up.

"Shall I play marbles with you, or will you play dolls with me?" Lois asked after the first astonished questions and answers were over.

"Either, as long as we play together nicely and don't quarrel," he responded, deciding that the hospital was not quite the dreary place he had, up to now, considered.

The morning passed quickly, with exchanged confidences and friendly conversation. So did the next, and several more following, until the two felt like very old acquaintances. Then came a day when heavy, pouring rain made the piazza impracticable, and Lois in her room gave up to the queer body aches and pains that had been growing more and more troublesome through the night, and to the queer heart-ache which had been developing for several days.

It seems as though I could not go home and never see him any more," she thought. "He'll forget all about me in a few days and I'll be just 'miserable.' She dropped at last into a heavy sleep, flushed and tossing restlessly.

Dr. Gordon looked grave when he found her so.

"Complications," he told the nurse, after watching her a moment. "We have a stiff fight before us. Her people had best be sent for. I will be back in a few moments and stay with her."

Meanwhile, Charles was having troubles of his own. For several days he had been annoyed by a very uncomfortable little conscience. Now he began to realize clearly the fact that he, the honorable, upright young man, engaged with all due formality to Miss Sylvia Preston and receiving daily dainty notes from her in her distant home, was falling deeply in love with Miss Wilson.

When at last that long, dreary day had worn to a close and Charles was trying to forget his perplexities and settle down for the night, his attention was attracted to a subdued commotion across the hall. At last a low moan reached him.

Dr. Gordon in the hall in earnest conversation with some new-comer, then the sound of a woman's stifled sobbing. Soon he heard the tramp of many feet down the hall. Then a deep silence settled on that part of the building.

He lay back on his pillow, great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. "Lois! Lois!" he whispered, and knew that in losing her he had lost his mate—the one woman designed for him. The hours dragged slowly. The rain still fell—more quietly now. Somewhere, in that great building, unless they had taken her home, she lay, the beautiful eyes closed forever, the bright spirit set free from the lovely body—set free—the real Lois—might she not be very near him now—nearer than in life?

It was thus that Nurse Crane found him when she made her morning rounds. She looked keenly at his white, set face, smiled a wise little smile and said softly:

"I wouldn't worry. She is better, you know."

"She! Do you mean Lois?" Charles sat straight up, regardless of the fact that he had just been told that she was better.

"Why, yes," Nurse Crane looked puzzled. "Didn't you know she was taken worse yesterday and they had to operate in the night? She has been very low, but her condition is quite satisfactory now."

She went on, noting the anguished bewilderment in his eyes, "and if all goes well she will soon be back in her old room."

Somewhat at a loss, the good woman professionally straightened the bedclothes and felt of his pulse. Then, suddenly, quite unprofessionally, she smoothed the tumbled hair from his forehead and bent her eyes to his.

"Did you care so much?" she said softly.

"More than all the world," he whispered, and closed his eyes as she slipped from the room.

The days went by with Lois gaining slowly. Charles, still waiting for his dismissal from the hospital, had fought his fight. No word of love would he speak to Lois unless some honorable way opened to his engagement to Sylvia—an engagement of renunciation, he could see now, engineered by older folk.

On the day he was first to visit to Lois he waited impatiently for the appointed time, firm in his determination. Mail time broke the tediousness of his waiting. The envelope—the note was short this time—his face altered strangely as he read. Sylvia, his old pal, had found the same wonderful experience that had come to him. She felt she must tell him and break the engagement before his homecoming. Her heart ached for him, but frankness was the only way.

The clock struck three. Without waiting for the nurse, he made his way with surprising quickness across the hall and through the half-open door. Lois was lying, frail and sweet, looking deep into the heart of one of his roses as though to read some wordless message there.

His eyes gave the message the rose had failed to convey, and hers answered the light in his. His hands clasped hers tightly and—

A gasp from the doorway. Nurse Crane stood there, on her face a mixture of bewilderment and surprised satisfaction.

"I suppose I am responsible for this," she said after a moment. Then, coming closed, the elderly face on which no romance had ever left its impress, she added softly: "Bless you, my children! How fast you have both grown up!"

# Frederick Haskin's Letter

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

## Congress and Education.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 2.—The House committee on education has not met once during this session of congress, we were told yesterday. Congress is in the midst of an unusually active game of "save the pennies," and the chances of any money being allowed for educational advancement are so slim that the committee sees no use in getting together to discuss even bills that were favorably reported out at the last session. Several bills for important educational projects have been introduced, but it is not probable that any of them could get the approval of the committee, and if they did they would never get by congress in its present state of mind.

Whether this is wise economy or not is a matter of opinion. The majority in congress thinks it is. There are three interesting projects which patiently await congressional approval and funds. One of these provides for a department of education to replace the bureau of education. Another is designed to bring domestic science within reach of more women and girls, especially those who work in the day.

The third bill does not reach so many people as the other two, but it would mean a good deal to the country. This is a measure to create a national university.

A national university was planned by George Washington. Benjamin Franklin wanted it provided for in the constitution, but he and several others were overruled by statesmen who said that the university would be established anyway and that there was no need to encumber the constitution.

Washington is known to have willed \$25,000 in stock to the government as a fund to start this university. This sum would by now amount to \$4,000,000 at compound interest. It cannot, however, be located. A few years ago Treasury department officials investigated the bequest, hoping to find out what became of the money. The only conclusion that could be reached was that the money was never turned over to the government, and that it lapsed back into the estate.

Cost of the Project. This means that to establish a national university now there must be an appropriation from congress, probably amounting to several hundred thousand dollars a year. Therefore the national university project continues to hang fire.

Washington's idea was that the university would serve an important purpose in that it would centralize the education of the country together. Students would have no gross debate. They would meet the representatives from different states and grow to understand the viewpoints of the different parts of the country.

The further advantage of a national institution of learning in Washington is that it could make use of the various branches of the government service. There is the congressional library with its 3,000,000 books and the Smithsonian Institution, the National museum, Navy department, the Department of Agriculture. In fact, every government bureau and commission could cooperate to advantage with a national university.

Such an institution, of course, is not for the college student from a preparatory school. It was planned as a laboratory for scholars who should have at least a master of arts or master of science degree, and with the idea that the National Capital would offer study in any other city.

That a national university would become a powerful factor in education is apparent. Yet such an institution is not a necessity to the existence of the nation, and congress of late years is chary of doing anything that might interfere with Washington's dream, that seemed so near realization in his lifetime, is still an air castle.

The other two bills are more utilitarian. They concern the mass of the people more directly. The bill for a department of education, in particular, is wide-reaching in its effect.

That year, the committee approved this bill saying: "There is nothing of more importance in our scheme of government than the education of the people. Whatever else may be left out, education cannot safely be excluded. If there is any one thing that justifies appropriation, if there is any one thing that is of more importance to the citizen, it is that which strengthens and supports our public schools."

This year, economy is impressed upon congress as the most urgent necessity, and the house committee on education is patently walled in from somewhere, saying that the economy crisis is over.

# Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., give full name and address, and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Isn't an American who served in the Canadian army entitled to a Canadian victory medal?

A. An American serving with the Canadian army is entitled to a victory medal from the Canadian government. It may be obtained by writing to the secretary military council, director of records, Ottawa, Ontario, Can.

Q. What are the Greek and Latin words for corn or maize?

R. L. M.  
A. There are no Greek or Latin names for the plant because it was unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

Q. Did the United States pay commissions for the sale of bonds during the World War?

T. F. O.  
A. The treasury department says that the government paid no commissions to banks or individuals selling liberty bonds.

Q. Which is sweeter, brown or white sugar?

D. I. X.  
A. The brown sugar that is on the market today is not as sweet as granulated sugar, because of the present process of making granulated sugar, the brown sugar is worked over and over again to obtain the greatest amount of granulated sugar possible.

Q. What is a dowager?

A. A dowager is a widow with a dowry. This title is usually only applied to widows of persons of high rank as the Queen Dowager or Dowager Duchess.

Q. How long does it take to tame an elephant?